bore a little flag with the insignia of Adam's team, the Maple Leafs. She wielded it like a riding crop and occasionally tapped it against the glass gleefully shouting what I now understood to be "Pay! Pay!"

You see! You see! Martha emerged from her shelter and frantically waved her enormous matronly arms. Death threatens! She could have thrown George Sand the length of the House.

I didn't see anything except Martha and George Sand and the usual crap of the smoking lounge. Heavy armchairs with black vinyl cushions you could wipe the vomit off of with a bleach-soaked rag. Sometimes you had to. Solid maple end tables littered with peanut shells and Styrofoam cups. A big TV with a satellite box locked in a cabinet with a Plexiglas door. The remotes dangling from it on cables. Babs wasn't around to lock them up.

That was really the issue. Because of the commotion Martha had lost her place on Express Vue. Lost Insatiable Co-Eds. I told George Sand as sternly as I could without laughing. Harassment was grounds for eviction. I told her to get out of the lounge, Salle Pleyel, Shangri-La, Villa Wahnfried, Paradise.

"Just let me finish my cigarette," she pleaded, flourishing her crop.